

GRAUSTARK

#32

"Spring 1906"

16 August 1964

FRENCH LAND IN SCOTLAND

DARING CONVOY SUCCEEDS

TURKS TAKE MOSCOW

ENGLAND: A Mos-Ukr; A Prus S RUSSIAN A War; A Den-Kie, F Ber
& F Hol S A Den-Kie; F Kie-Hel; F North Sea-Norwegian Sea;
F Wal-Liv; F Iri S F Wal-Liv; F Lon-Eng.

FRANCE: A Bel-Cly; F Eng & F Mid C A Bel-Cly; F Bre S F Eng;
A Bur-Bel; A Ruh S A Bur-Bel; A Mun-Kie.

ITALY: F Nor C FRENCH A Bel-Cly; A Gal-War; A Sil S A Gal-War;
A Boh-Gal; A Tyr-Mun; F Adr-Ion.

RUSSIA: A War S ENGLISH A Mos.

TURKEY: A Ukr-Mos; A Sev S A Ukr-Mos; A Rum-Ukr; A Bul-Rum;
A Sev & F Bla S A Bul-Rum; A Con-Bul; F Aeg-Ion.

Underlined moves do not succeed. The English army from Moscow is forced to retreat to either Livonia or St. Petersburg. This retreat move will be published in GRAUSTARK #33 ("Fall 1906"), and should also be sent by the English player to other players with troops on the eastern front.

As a consequence of John Koning's failing to get the "Fall 1905" issue, the Gamesmaster would like to point out that his responsibility ends at the mailbox.

The deadline for "Fall 1906" moves is SATURDAY 29 AUGUST 1964.

Dick Tyler, NEW YORK TIMES SERVICE: Special: The winds moan like the dreaded banshee of Ireland, and the seas hurl themselves to pieces on the rocks of a dismal and hostile land known as North-West Scotland. Today, April 7, 1906, with rain falling in a steady drizzle and mist shrouding the landscape, there came back to the shores of Great Britain after long and bitter exile, the proud descendant of a proud line of kings -- Prince Rupert of Bavaria, titular head of the Stuarts.

He stands near me now, an intense shadow against this wild, God-made and God-forsaken landscape, bareheaded before the wind and the rain. He watches, under the shadowing guns of the Italian Atlantic Fleet, the disembarkation of the French Army that is here to support him, the long-promised army of the nation that failed his ancestors -- James II and Bonnie Prince Charlie.

When Germany collapsed in civil anarchy he pledged his sword to France and saved his native land -- Bavaria -- from the ravage that laid waste much of the rest of Germany. Today he is where, only five years before, he could never have dreamed or hoped to be.

Still a young man in his thirties, a capable though not great soldier who had fought well on the Western Front in the early part of the war (in fact, being in command of the forces

that helped secure Burgundy for German arms), with a politician's appeal and a king's defects, he had returned as a Stuart to an England he hardly knew to serve both French purposes and his own.

Those in the Highlands who were and are sentimentally Jacobites, and those through-out the island who looked with misgivings on the prominent places the Bolsheviks were starting to play in the Government -- these had urged his return, and he had come.

Now he stands on this rocky cliff on a spray-swept shore pondering the future. Is he perhaps wondering how many will rally to the ancient cause of the Stuarts and the new cause of anti-Bolshevism, or has he passed that stage and already decided where his forces should strike, south to Liverpool with its naval base or east to Edinburgh with its Jacobite allies? Or is he perhaps thinking of the last Stuart to rally the cry of rebellion on these shores -- and, dark thoughts, of his fate and his cause?

Time alone will let know, and when it does your reporter will be there.

LONDON: Prime Minister Koning today announced the appointment of Lord Fulk Nerra as Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Armed Forces. Lord Nerra, fresh from admirable service in the continental espionage and derring-do corps, has called in Admiral Tros for conferences. A drastic revision in strategy is expected.

Former C-I-C Lev Bronstein, disgraced after the abortive incident of the Liverpool Fleet left secretly for Warsaw last week. His rumored mission concerns the putting down of factional struggles among the Russians.

WARSAW: Although Warsaw has not been attacked since its occupation by the Russian forces last Fall, the fighting here grows steadily worse. With the Turks, the Italians, and the English all around this last stronghold of Imperial Russia, morale seems to have crumbled and discipline to have been destroyed. Not only do daily rumors of invasion by one nation or another upset the populace, but the recent defection of British Ambassador Ulyanov to the violent Libertarian faction has cast doubt on the friendly intentions of England. English aid is promised momentarily; the Russians here are not sure they can afford any more help from Great Britain

This is

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P Great
E Intervals
R This
A Appears
T To
I Inflame
O Optic
N Nerves

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